

Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

"I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm." — Cowper.

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BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1880.

No. 9.

Judgment.

Then some one came who said, "My Prince had shot
A swan, which fell among the roses here,
He bids me pray you send it. Will you send?"
"Nay," quoth Siddārtha, "If the bird were dead
To send it to the slayer might be well,
But the swan lives; my cousin hath but killed
The god-like speed which throbbed in this white wing."
And Devadatta answered, "The wild thing,
Living or dead, is his who fetched it down;
'Twas no man's in the clouds, but fall'n 'tis mine,
Give me my prize, fair Cousin." Then our Lord
Laid the swan's neck beside his own smooth cheek
And gravely spake, "Say no! the bird is mine,
The first of myriad things which shall be mine
By right of mercy and love's lordliness.
For now I know, by what within me stirs,
That I shall teach compassion unto men
And be a speechless world's interpreter,
Abating this accursed flood of woe,
Not man's alone; but, if the Prince disputes,
Let him submit this matter to the wise
And we will wait their word." So was it done;
In full divan the business had debate,
And many thought this thing and many that,
Till there arose an unknown priest who said,
"If life be aught, the savior of a life
Owns more the living thing than he can own
Who sought to slay—the slayer spoils and wastes,
The cherisher sustains, give him the bird:"
Which judgment all found just; but when the King
Sought out the sage for honor, he was gone;
And some one saw a hooded snake glide forth,—
The gods come oftentimes thus! So our Lord Buddh
Began his works of mercy.

—Light of Asia.

Shell of the Barnacle.

Is a structure all hollowed and chambered on
the plan which engineers have discovered as an
arrangement of material by which the power of
resisting strain or pressure is multiplied in an ex-
traordinary degree.

"Small, but a work divine:
Frail, but of force to withstand,
Year upon year, the shock
Of cataract seas that snap
The three-decker's oaken spine."

—Reign of Law.

The Horse.

"Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot, from
the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb,
vary deserved praise on my palfrey; it is a theme
as fluent as the sea; turn the sands into eloquent
tongues, and my horse is argument for them all;
'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for
a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the
world (familiar to us and unknown), to lay apart
their particular functions and wonder at him." —
Shakespeare, *Henry V., Act 3d, Scene 7th.*

Legends.

These legends are, I think, worthy of special
notice in moral history, as representing the first,
and at the same time one of the most striking
efforts ever made in Christendom to inculcate a
feeling of kindness and pity towards the brute
creation. In Pagan antiquity, considerable steps
had been made to raise this form of humanity to a
recognized branch of ethics. The way had been
prepared by numerous anecdotes growing for the
most part out of simple ignorance of natural his-
tory, which all tended to diminish the chasm be-
tween men and animals, by representing the latter
as possessing, to a very high degree, both moral
and rational qualities. Elephants, it was believed,
were endowed not only with reason and benevo-
lence, but also with reverential feelings. They
worshipped the sun and moon, and in the forests of
Mauritania they were accustomed to assemble
every new moon, at a certain river, to perform
religious rites. The hippopotamus taught men
the medicinal value of bleeding, being accustomed,
when affected by plethory, to bleed itself with a
thorn, and afterwards close the wound with slime.
Pelicans committed suicide to feed their young;
and bees, when they had broken the laws of their
sovereign. A temple was erected at Sestos to
commemorate the affection of an eagle which
loved a young girl, and, upon her death, cast itself
in despair into the flames by which her body was
consumed. Numerous anecdotes are related of
faithful dogs which refused to survive their mas-
ters, and one of these had, it was said, been trans-
formed into the dog-star. The dolphin, especially,
became the subject of many beautiful legends, and
its affection for its young, for music, and above all
for little children, excited the admiration not only
of the populace, but of the most distinguished
naturalists. Many philosophers ascribed to ani-
mals a rational soul, like that of man. According
to the Pythagoreans, human souls transmigrate

after death into animals. According to the Stoics
and others, the souls of men and animals were
alike parts of the all-pervading Divine Spirit that
animates the world. — LECKY, *Euro. Morals*, Vol.
1., p. 161.

Kindness and Justice.

In all I had ruled over 36,000 square miles of
area (in India), and a population of upwards of
five millions of a most industrious and intelligent
people, not only without a single complaint
against my rule, but, as I think and hope, with a
place in their affections and respect, gained by no
other means than by exercising simple courtesy
and justice to all.

I was often told by various friends, "You do too
much for people who will never thank you." I do
not think so? I did not do half enough and I
could have done more had I had more help. God
is my witness, I tried to do as much as I could,
and heartily regretted being obliged, through phys-
ical inability, to leave undone many a measure
of progress and advancement, which I hoped to
accomplish. — *Life Col. Meadows Taylor*, Vol. 2, p.
343.

Hebrew Traditions.

The following beautiful tradition about Moses
has been handed down to posterity:

He fed the flock of his father-in-law. One day,
while he was contemplating his flock in the desert,
he saw a lamb leave the herd, and run further and
further away. The tender shepherd not only fol-
lowed it with his eyes, but went after it. The
lamb quickened its steps, hopped over hills, sprang
over ditches, hastened through valley and plain;
the shepherd unweariedly followed its track. At
last the lamb stopped by a spring, at which it
eagerly quenched its burning thirst. Moses has-
tened to the spot, looked sadly at the drinking
lamb, and said: "It was thirst then, my poor
beast, which tormented thee, and drove thee from
me, and I didn't understand; now thou art faint
and weary from the long, hard way, thy powers
are exhausted; how then couldst thou return alone
to thy comrades?" After the lamb had quenched
its thirst and seemed undecided what road to take,
Moses lifted it to his shoulder, and, bending under
the heavy burden, strode back to the flock. Then
he heard the voice of God calling to him, saying:
"Thou hast a tender heart for my creatures; thou
art a kind, gentle shepherd to the flocks of man;
—thou art now called to feed the flocks of God."
—*Jewish Messenger*.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

Report of Mr. Zadok Street, Agent of the American Humane Association, from Oct. 15 to Dec. 31, 1879.

To the Chairman and Members of the Executive Committee of the American Humane Association:

Soon after our annual meeting in October last, I went to Kentucky to witness the treatment of animals while in transit in that State, and found that the fat cattle are generally unloaded in Covington, Ky., or in Cincinnati, O., and there have time to rest, etc. Several shippers told me that they had found the first run should not be of more than twelve hours. "Cattle," they said, "when first loaded, would use all their strength to get relief from their close confinement; the more docile and weaker were greatly oppressed, and at times seriously injured."

From Kentucky I went to the stockyards in Cincinnati, O., and found more cattle and hogs there than the yards could properly accommodate. The pens were crowded, and all in a very dirty condition; the water in the hog troughs was unfit to drink. The men employed in the yards told me that the animals generally had not half the feed while there, that they required. I saw butchers buying and taking away injured and crippled cattle.

From Cincinnati I went to the St. Louis stockyards, and found the cattle in the pens had no hay. The State agent there told me that the owners would not give the animals the quantity of hay they needed. I also found hogs overcrowded in many of the pens; the pens, too, were in a filthy condition, the odor of which filled the whole atmosphere. I saw several cars standing on the side track, loaded with hogs that had died in transit, or after their arrival.

From there I went to Kansas City, and found there in detail the same things I had seen in St. Louis, except there were fewer dead hogs.

From Kansas City I went to Lafayette, Ind., which is the main feeding station for animals shipped from the different places along the Missouri and Mississippi rivers. The yards there are extensive and well located. The agent said that a few years ago shippers generally unloaded there, but now they seldom did so. For more than three months no cars had been unloaded there, except a few cars of sheep. While there I saw several trains pass by that were loaded with cattle and hogs for the East, and I was told that they had been on the cars from thirty to forty hours.

From there I went to the stockyards at Indianapolis. The pens and water-troughs were in the same condition as at other places already named.

From Indianapolis I went to Chicago stockyards, because I heard great numbers of hogs were going there, which I found nearly all the hog-pens greatly overcrowded, and thousands of hogs exposed to the storms in the cattle-pens, where there were no troughs low enough for them. Hogs continued to arrive in large number. In one day 64,643, and on other days more than 50,000 a day, with more or less dead and injured on every train.

I remained there a few days. On Sabbath day, many cars were unloaded, and the injured hogs were dragged from the cars and were left lying in the muddy pens. About 3 P. M., they were still there, and at 9 P. M., the mud began to freeze, and the poor, suffering animals were struggling for relief. I could not find any yard men whom I could hire to move them under cover. Early next morning they were dead, caused no doubt by their exposure.

The remarks of Dr. George L. Miller, at our late annual meeting, "that cruelty to hogs exceeded all other cases of cruelty to animals, and that men treated hogs as though they had no rights man was bound to respect," came vividly to recollection. From what I saw, I believed it advisable to employ a reliable man for a few days, who was not known about the yards, to note acts of cruelty that he might see from time to time, and to report daily. This was done. His statements are in my hands, and would be now given

in part if my space permitted; but, as a whole, they are confirmatory of the worst I had before seen, or heard.

I also copy a few remarks on the treatment of hogs, taken from report of the commissioners, who were appointed under the authority of the last Congress to investigate the causes of the diseases of domestic animals, which was furnished me by the Commissioner of Agriculture, a few days ago, which fully coincides with my observations. "The corn thrown to the hogs becomes soiled with dung and urine, and they tramp through the excrements and go with their filthy feet into the troughs that contain the water for drinking. Experiments show that a small quantity of poison may not injure materially, but that would not warrant it to be harmless when taken with every meal, and when they plunge their filthy feet and noses fresh from the pestiferous excrements into the water-troughs. Food, faulty in character and wanting in variety; water, deficient in quantity and purity; quarters too limited in space and filthy in condition, are the three leading factors in the production of swine disease. The less prevalence of disease among swine of late, is due to the increased facilities for selling to summer packers, the approach of the disease in any locality being the signal for selling the whole herd."

The official report of animals, received in Chicago during the year 1879, shows that in one day 7,898 cattle, 64,643 hogs, 3,709 sheep, were received; and in one week, 31,426 cattle, 276,200 hogs, 11,600 sheep, and 714 horses; and during the year, 1,215,732 cattle, 6,448,330 hogs, 325,119 sheep, and 10,473 horses. The total value of which was, \$114,795,834, and that there is an annual increase in numbers and value year after year.

I made efforts at different times to ascertain the number of dead and crippled animals that arrived at Chicago, St. Louis, and Kansas City; and was finally told by the officials at those places they would not, under any circumstances, have that made public.

I would now propose that immediate measures be taken to have the American Humane Association incorporated by Congress, with powers to enforce all State and national laws in regard to cruelty to animals, and to report annually to the Commissioner of Agriculture.

I am aware that the work of the society would require much labor and large expenditures of money. But if our wealthy citizens knew the importance of the subject, I have no doubt the Association would ere long be sufficiently endowed, as there is no subject of more importance to the health of the whole people, or in which money can be used more distinctively for the general good, and the donors would have the satisfaction of knowing that they had been faithful stewards of that intrusted to them while on earth.

And I would again invoke the aid of the pulpit and press to give their aid and influence in the great work. All of which is respectfully submitted.

ZADOK STREET, Agent.

BOSTON, Jan. 8, 1880.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

The Brown Institute.

We believe that this singular establishment is the only one of the kind in Great Britain. It is a hospital for the reception and cure of all animals useful to man. £20,000 was the munificent sum left by Mr. Thomas Brown some years ago for the founding of this noble establishment, which is situated on the Wandsworth Road, London.

In 1871 the present buildings were opened, consisting of a large house, yards, stalls, kennels, &c. Previous to an animal being admitted as an in-patient £1 must be paid in advance; for an out-patient of the same class of animal, 5s. While the fee for a dog, goat, or smaller animal is only 5s for an in-patient and 3s for an out-patient. If any change remains when the animal is discharged it is returned to the owner.

Every morning the surgeons are in attendance from 9 to 11, but often from a press of work are detained much longer.

All kinds and descriptions of domestic animals and birds, suffering from almost every kind of disease, are brought to this hospital to be humanely and skillfully treated by experienced veterinary surgeons. The most numerous class of patients are cab-horses; but cows, oxen, sheep, goats, dogs, cats, rabbits, guinea pigs, fowls and singing-birds are found among the patients; and in the early morning it is well worth a visit to see the heterogeneous collection of our "dumb relations," patiently waiting to be examined and prescribed for.

Passing through an iron gate, a gravel walk leads up to an ordinary stable entry. On the right of the stable gate is the entrance to the consulting room, where the smaller animals and birds are examined; on the left is the larger ward of the hospital, and here every thing is fitted up with the greatest regard to hygienic science. Proceeding up the yard we come to the kennels, which are large, light and airy. One of the patients especially, attracted our attention; it was a splendid brown Irish Retriever, who had that morning fallen a depth of thirty feet, breaking a leg; and the manager had been called up at an unusually early hour to receive his handsome patient. Many of the inmates of this ward were suffering from mange and other skin diseases.

Beyond the kennels is the laboratory, where many discoveries have been made and experiments are carried on for the advancement of science, with regard to the numerous complaints from which our domestic animals suffer; and here the cattle plague has received the attention and researches of some of the most experienced veterinarians. Indeed, there is little doubt that its ravages were restrained in a good degree by the wise suggestions and advice of the surgeons connected with the "Brown Institute," who are now endeavoring to discover the true origin, nature of, and cure for, *pleuro-pneumonia*.

The number of dogs attended to at this institution, average over one thousand a year, and with this experience of canine nature, the "vets." in this department are earnestly endeavoring to discover a *real* antidote to the blood-poisoning caused by the bite of the dog in a rabid state.

It is to be regretted that the great and merciful work here accomplished for our domestic animals should be confined to one establishment in the large metropolis, and it is wisely suggested by those interested in the cause, that the *surplus* revenue of this noble establishment be expended in establishing four or five smaller infirmaries in the crowded districts of the city, for the gratuitous examination of sick and injured animals, to be followed, if necessary, by medicine at *cost price*.

B. P.

Frozen Bits.

"For evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as by want of feeling."

If this sentiment might come within the appreciation of horses, into whose mouths a frozen piece of iron is thrust these winter mornings, it might perhaps offer them some consolation. It is hard to believe that any one who, by accident, should touch his own tongue to a frosty piece of metal would deliberately inflict the same suffering on an animal. The horse is an animal of nervous organism. His mouth is formed of delicate glands; the temperature of the blood is the same as in the human being, and the mouth is the warmest part of the body. And it is not a momentary pain that is suffered. Food is at the time eaten with difficulty, and the irritation frequently repeated causes loss of appetite and diminution of strength. Many a horse has become worthless from no other cause than this. If an india-rubber bit, or one covered with leather, is not to be had, holding the iron in the hand a moment saves the horse much pain, and proves a great gain in the end.—HARRY STEDMAN, *Transcript*, Dec. 23.

Lowell.

As the question is often asked, "Have we a society for the protection of animals in Lowell?" I would like to call attention to the quarterly report of the agent of that society, showing how much good has been accomplished in a quiet way, and asking the co-operation of all who are interested in the good work. The agent can be found on Hale Street, corner Washington Street, or at Murch's flour store, 36 Dutton Street.

Report of the Agent for the Society for Protection of Animals, from October 1, 1879, to January 1, 1880:—

Whole number of cases	34
Number of complaints	8
Number of lame horses taken from work	4
Number condemned and killed	22

Of the above complaints four were dismissed, there being no case; the others were investigated and the parties cautioned.

Respectfully submitted,

C. H. PHILBRICK, Agent.

Ladies' Committee, Exeter.

From their report we feel authorized in saying that they are not only active, but perhaps one of the most energetic associations of the kind. Their proceedings embrace the distribution of literature, including "The Animal World," lectures, sermons, etc.; the holding of horse, donkey, and pony shows; meetings of butchers, and even conferences of butchers, where the best modes of slaughtering are discussed. A short time ago we published a report of one of these meetings. Besides, they endeavor to induce children and young people to pursue the practice of reading, writing, and thinking on the duty of man to their lower fellow-creatures. The Bishop of Exeter is indefatigable in supporting these meetings, and it is gratifying to find that the local press gives occasional aid to the ladies in the form of leading articles and full reports. The Bishop, it appears, attends also meetings of the auxiliaries at Tiverton, Exmouth, Teignmouth, Tavistock, Dawlish, Budleigh Salterton, etc. The ladies, in their report, say that in his addresses at these meetings he always makes "a strong appeal to his hearers to take the cause of the poor animals into their hearts."—Secretary, Mrs. May, Baring Lodge, Exeter.—*Animal World*.

"A Service of Mercy."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ENLISTED IN THE CAUSE OF THE DUMB CREATION.

A Sunday-school concert in the interest of the dumb creation, is a novelty in these parts, but proved exceedingly interesting to the very large assembly which gathered in the First Baptist Church last Sunday evening.

The entertainment was a "Service of Mercy," in recognition of man's obligation and duty to the dumb creation. The songs, recitations, readings and addresses all tended to the cultivation of a spirit of kindness and mercy toward the dumb creation.

The following was the programme:—

Hymn.

Scripture reading, by the pastor, being selections from the Scriptures, showing God's care for the beasts and birds. Prayer, by Rev. E. H. E. Jameson.

Hymn.

Responsive Reading:

Superintendent and School.

Song.

Recitation, "Three Little Robins."

Miss Rosa Jelly.

Recitation, "Kindness to Animals."

Miss Dora Hamerod.

Recitation, "My Little Pets."

Miss Mollie Brewster.

Recitation, "Good Night and Good Morning."

Miss Fannie Taylor.

Song.

Recitation, "Who Stole the Eggs?"

Master Johnnie Kelley.

Recitation, "The Right Must Win."

Miss Ella Taylor.

Reading, "Tom."

Miss Nellie Bennett.

Recitation, "Resolution."

Miss Florence Clark.

Reading, "The Beggar and his Dog."

Miss Gertie Jameson.

Song.

Four Infant-Class Scholars.

At the close of the exercises by the scholars, Dr. Geo. L. Miller, President of the Nebraska Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, was introduced by the superintendent of the school, Col. W. B. Smith, and delivered an address, which was listened to with marked attention and interest by all present. Dr. Miller was followed by Rev. E. H. E. Jameson, pastor of the First Baptist Church, in a very few interesting remarks.

Kindness to animals begets kindness to our fellow-men, and the cultivation of this spirit can well go hand in hand with Christianity. Let us have more of these "Services of Mercy."—*Omaha Herald*, Dec. 2, 1879.

Sunday School Concert.

The Universalist Sunday School gave a concert last evening, to a large audience. It was entitled "A Service of Mercy," and consisted of Scriptural readings, poetical and prose selections bearing upon the subject of kindness to animals, and the singing of songs by the school appropriate to the lesson taught. A duet by two little girls was a charming feature of the service.—*Concord (N. H.) Monitor*.

The Bull-Fight.

THE Spanish bull fight, which occurred in honor of the king's marriage, December 1, was attended with all the pomp and horrors of any previous exhibition. A correspondent of the "Boston Journal" gave a full and vivid report. Some of it will interest our readers as an illustration of how much remains to be done in one nation which calls itself both civilized and Christian, and as showing, in a striking way, the effect upon spectators of such a sight. The correspondent said:—

I was startled by the thought that in our modern day, nearly nineteen hundred years after the inauguration of an era supposed to be one of mercy, forbearance and peace, the world is as brutal and unmerciful as ever it was in the dim ages of barbarism. I cannot explain to you the revolt which took place in my mind against myself. I might call it an insurrection of conscience, when I reflected that I had allowed myself to assist at so murderous and bloody a sport as a bull fight. I defy any one who has not been hardened to this monstrous sight to feel otherwise than criminal when he first gets an idea of the atrocious horror of it. Bull-fighting has become so thoroughly engrafted upon the national manners that not even the gentlest woman finds it extraordinary that her children should witness it. Here in Madrid there are twenty-four exhibitions every year, from April to October, on Mondays, or sometimes on Sundays, for Sunday is here, as in France, the people's favorite holiday. All over Spain there are bull-rings which rival the colossal dimensions of the amphitheatres of the Romans. Valencia possesses one which, at a little distance, looks as imposing as the Colosseum at Rome. And what! say the Spaniards—what! shall we give up a game which was inaugurated by him of illustrious and immortal memory, the Cid Campeador—he who descended into the arena and with his lance slew wild bulls by the score? The Arabs have the credit of having introduced the cruel pastime into Spain; but the Cid gave it its real impetus. . .

Alfonso XII. arrived briskly, dressed in a captain-general's uniform, with a cap entirely covered with gold lace. The young queen wore a white mantilla upon her glossy braids. She sat down beside the king in the front rank, and there soon appeared behind the youthful pair the benevolent faces of numerous venerable Spanish and Austrian generals.

The details cannot be given here. A few sentences will suggest all:—

There were a few moments of silence, then a deep "Ah!" such as only a Latin crowd can utter, burst from the assemblage, and looking over

across the ring, I saw a magnificent bull standing in front of the gates which were closing behind him. The queen had given the signal with her handkerchief. I looked up at her; she had half arisen in her seat, as if she were anxious to go away; but an instant after she sat down again, and was apparently calm.

The bull took a good look at every body. He seemed good natured, and I thought that if I had been near him I should have liked to pull his tail. But what was my surprise when he advanced forward with a long lunge, which quickly changed into a wild run, and before any one could attract his attention he had plunged his horns into the flanks of the horse of one of the masters of ceremonies. The bull was now terrible in his wrath, and at this moment he noticed a Picador, sitting motionless on his horse, with his lance ready. I arose in my seat and, if I could, I think that I should have fled; for it seemed my blood to see horse and rider go into the air. . . And so, one after another, during almost four hours, we saw eight bulls slaughtered. The only animals which were really terrifying were the third and the eighth. . .

The king and queen tried to go after the seventh bull had been dispatched, but the spectators would not hear of it. They cried "Otro toro! otro toro!" (another bull!) in thunderous unison, and the king yielded. It must have been a severe trial for the queen, but she sat through it all, and I observed that toward the last she looked on all the time. You speedily become accustomed to the spectacle—horrible as it is. The arena was wet with blood, and in a recess of one of the outer corridors the eight bulls and the seven horses which had been their victims, were lying in a row. The amphitheatre, with its stone seats and blood-stained sands, seemed Roman rather than Spanish—but Spanish it emphatically is. The bulls slain at this royal festival were furnished from the estates of different gentlemen, who take great pride in raising them. The local journals publish the names of these gentry, as well as the pedigree of the bulls. To-day there is a second grand "corrida," at which eight bulls will be dispatched; but I shall not go. I have seen enough.

Effect of Civilization on Dogs.

Dogs hold a high social position in Paris, and the result of association with people of good manners is to convert the Parisian dog into an entirely different animal from his provincial brother. An eminent veterinary surgeon in Paris has lately expressed his conviction that dogs are peculiarly susceptible to the influences of civilization. Dogs brought up in the salons of Paris, he observes, behave in all respects with more dignity and intelligence than those to be found at farm-houses in the country districts, who pass their lives in the company of agricultural servants, in the stables or farm-yard. These country dogs show a savage *gaucherie*, and their manners are, as a rule, far from being refined. The Parisian dogs, on the other hand, accustomed to move in good society and well-educated, are remarkable for delicacy, self-possession, good taste, and an utter absence of uncouthness in their behavior. There are, this doctor believes, dogs to be found in Paris who—strange as it may appear—have a keen sense of humor, and are not incapable of appreciating even the higher forms of wit.—*Witness*.

Sonnet.

Leave me, O Love, which reachest but to dust,
And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things;
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust,
Whatever fades, but fading pleasure brings;
Draw in thy beams, and humble all thy might
To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be;
Which breaks the clouds and opens forth the light,
That doth both shine and give us sight to see.
O take fast hold, let that light be thy guide,
In this small course which birth draws out to death,
And think how evil becometh him to slide
Who seeketh heaven, and comes of heavenly breath!
Then farewell, world! thy uttermost I see.
Eternal Love! maintain thy life in me!

—Sir Philip Sidney.

Our Dumb Animals.

Boston, February, 1880.

Our February Paper.

The second report of Mr. Street; the brief account of the sermon of Rev. W. W. Newton at St. Paul's, in this city, December 28, "on societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals"; the notices of the prizes offered by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and of the subscription in behalf of the five thousand dollars prize for an improved cattle-car, will have each an interest for many readers. The example of fidelity to her convictions when at the Sandwich Islands, of a lady who is one of our excellent directors, is given in an extract from Rev. Mr. Chaney's "Aloha." The "Brown Institution," by a valued correspondent, will be new, we think, to many persons. The "Spanish Bull-Fight" and the extracts from books and from other sources, bearing generally upon our work, are worthy of attention.

Directors Meeting.

The January meeting of Directors of Massachusetts Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was held at 96 Tremont Street, at 11 A.M. on Wednesday, the 21st instant.

Present: Mrs. Appleton, Mrs. Cobb, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Lowell, Mrs. Homans and Miss Lyman; also, Messrs. Angell, Appleton, Noyes and Firth.

President Angell in the chair.

The Secretary read the record of December meeting, which was approved, and the last report for December, which was referred to the Finance Committee.

The Secretary reported the payment of the bequest from the estate of Miss Margaret E. C. White, of five thousand dollars by B. C. White, Esq.

Resolutions in recognition of the generous gift were passed, to be sent to the family of Miss W.

Mr. Angell reported the gift to the Trustees of the Permanent Fund of the sum of one thousand dollars for the Society, by a gentleman whose name cannot be made known beyond the Trustees. There is a condition attached which the Directors sanctioned and certain votes on the subject were unanimously passed.

As the bonds of agents as special policemen in Boston need to be renewed, it was voted that the Trustees of the Permanent Fund be hereby authorized and requested to sign the new bonds as their sureties.

Certain suggestions from the Finance Committee in regard to the Permanent Fund and other points were then presented, which were considered and acted upon.

A visit of Mr. Bergh was reported by the Secretary and the question of vivisection considered.

Mr. Appleton drew attention to the next International Congress; also to the question of an increase of honorary members by the Massachusetts Society, especially from eminent officers of foreign societies.

The consideration of both questions was referred to a committee of two—Messrs. Appleton and Firth.

About 12 1-2 o'clock it was voted to adjourn.

Prizes offered by the Massachusetts Society P. C. A.

Three circulars have been sent to the chairman of every school committee in Massachusetts to ask their co-operation in awarding the following prizes:—

Number one relates to prizes to teachers.

"To the three teachers of public schools in Massachusetts, who shall be recognized by the judges as having taught most successfully in their schools, in 1879, the duty of mercy to the dumb creation, the sums of twenty-five, twenty, and fifteen dollars, respectively."

Number two to pupils.

"To the three pupils of public schools in Massachusetts, fifteen, ten and five dollars, respectively, who shall have done most to March 4, 1880, for the cause our Society represents, by the number of names obtained above the age of nine years to the 'Pledge of Mercy' in their respective towns, or by number of new subscribers to OUR DUMB ANIMALS."

Number three to doers of rare acts of mercy.

"Three prizes of twenty-five, twenty and fifteen dollars, respectively, to the three persons in Massachusetts, who shall have done conspicuous acts of disinterestedness in behalf of domestic animals during the year 1879."

We trust it will be a pleasure to the gentlemen addressed to co-operate to the extent asked. Copies of the circulars referred to will be sent to teachers or committees who may desire and have not received them. Other circulars have been issued to interested parties in relation to other prizes. We repeat them from our September paper:—

"To the general manager, or other proper officer, of any railroad company in the United States or Canada, who has in force the most humane rules for the protection and transportation of living animals while in the care of his company, the sum of fifty dollars."

"To the two publishers of any book, magazine or newspaper, illustrated or otherwise, in which the cause of mercy to animals has been most satisfactorily explained and defended in the year 1879, thirty and twenty dollars, respectively."

"To the two inventors who, in 1879, shall, by their ingenuity, add most to the comfort of animals, or in facilitating their labors, twenty and ten dollars, respectively."

IN BEHALF OF HORSES.

"To the two most humane drivers, twenty and ten dollars, respectively, who are employed upon each of the following street horse railroads of Boston: the Metropolitan, Highland, South Boston, Middlesex, Lynn and Boston, and Union."

"To the two truckmen, to the two hackmen, and to the two drivers of public coaches in the city of Boston, who are most humane in the treatment of their horses, twenty and ten dollars, respectively."

OF CATTLE.

"To the two most humane drivers of cattle at either the Brighton or Watertown market, fifteen and ten dollars, respectively."

"To the two most humane dealers in cows with their young calves, at either the Brighton or Watertown cattle market, fifteen and ten dollars, respectively."

"The right is reserved to the Judges of each class to withhold a prize in every case where they shall be of the unanimous opinion that the conditions have not been satisfactorily met."

The several Judges hope to have all the evidence in not later than March 4th, and it is hoped that the announcement of their decisions will be made known at the next annual meeting of our Society.

Bequests.

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has just received a bequest of five thousand dollars (\$5,000) from the estate of Miss Margaret E. C. White of this city. The first that was known of this liberal gift was its payment to our treasurer by B. C. White, Esq., a brother of the deceased. Miss W. had been a yearly contributor to the funds of the Society for many years, so that her last most generous remembrance was in harmony with all her life. Her name hereafter belongs to the noble list of benefactors of our Society.

New Cattle Law.

Senator McPherson has brought one before the Senate. We await with much interest further intelligence in relation to it.

National Humane Association.

A majority of the sub-Executive Committee of the National Humane Association held meetings in Boston, January 8 and 9. Mr. Street, of Salem, O., made his report of events since the October meeting, the substance of which may be found in this paper; the selecting of judges of the five thousand dollars cattle-car prize had consideration, as well as others relating to the Association; but as the meetings were private, no fuller report is expedient at this time. Messrs. Brown and Dore, of Chicago, were both present.

Service of Mercy at the Church of the Disciples, Boston.

The day for the Sunday school of the above church to consider the duty of "kindness to animals" came this year on the 19th January. The large school-room was filled with scholars who eagerly listened. The "service" was used there for the second time, but it seemed as fresh and inspiring as at first.

The superintendent of this school is W. H. Baldwin, Esq., of the Christian Union, and of course, order and life and promptness marked every part of the arrangements.

Rev. Mr. Clarke spoke in his plain, direct, instructive and attractive way, upon the intelligence, the reasoning powers, the humor, and the grand fidelity of animals, especially of the horse and the dog, and of man's consequent duties to them. The Secretary of our Massachusetts Society followed in brief remarks, closing with some letters from scholars in Virginia, in which they declared their purpose to be kinder and kinder in the future, and especially to all dumb creatures. By a large vote the scholars in the Church of Disciples declared their purpose to be kind themselves and to prevent cruelty by others as far as in their power.

We would ask the attention of friends of our cause everywhere to the excellent custom of Mr. Clarke's church, of giving one Sunday in each year to the duty of kindness to animals. The teachings of Scripture on this point, would in this way, be brought home to every scholar: a duty rarely done, we think, where it is not made a special service.

An Act for the Incorporation of the Humane Association by Congress.

Mr. J. C. Dore, of Chicago, has gone to Washington to see if one can be obtained at this session.

A Good Movement.

At the session of the American Humane Association at Chicago in October last, the question of the treatment of animals in transportation had much attention. The legislation, National and State, to lessen the cruelty of this vast traffic has limited the hours of confinement of the animals in the cars, and compelled certain hours for rest when unloaded. In this way suffering for want of food and drink was prevented, and the opportunity of lying down was secured to the animals. As a fact, however, the laws are widely disregarded and their humane purpose so far defeated. While determined to get such necessary amendments to the national law, if possible, as experience has shown to be required, the Association saw also the great discomfort and often atrocious barbarity in reloading the animals after each necessary rest. To save this and to lessen the time on the road, an improved cattle car is necessary; a car in which animals can rest, be fed and watered, while on their journey to market.

To doubt the ability of our American inventors to make such a car until some special and earnest effort has been made to get them to try, seemed to the Association alike unjust to inventors and a neglect of an obvious and urgent duty. Accordingly, it was voted by the Association to raise five thousand dollars, and, when raised, to offer that sum as a prize to him or her who should present a plan or model of a car which should meet the requirements named. The fact of such a vote was stated in the "Scientific American" and in other papers devoted to mechanical improvements, and we are told that more than two hundred inventors have already made known their purpose to compete for the prize. Among them are three ladies, and there are residents of nearly every State of the Union, besides Canada, Nova Scotia and Wales. The very important point of getting the attention of inventors to the need of such cars seems largely gained already.

The plan of such a prize has met the heartiest approval. Two friends promptly pledged one thousand dollars each; three, five hundred dollars each, and others various smaller sums. But the total, so far, hardly exceeds four thousand two hundred dollars. Of course it is desirable to secure the balance without delay. We have thought that this simple statement would be enough to secure the amount yet wanting. All sums will be promptly acknowledged by the secretary of the National Humane Association, at 96 Tremont Street. We add, only, that it is the intention, we are informed, to have on the board of judges some eminent railway men, whose large experience and sound judgment will carry weight with the railway companies of the country in favor of any car they may approve.

The Association also voted that it should be the owner of any improved car secured by its agency, and that the right to use the car should be given to any railway that would use it in its live-stock traffic, without charge. The end, it is believed, can be gained by the combined agency of our national inventive ability, stimulated by a touch of generous zeal on the part of public spirited and humane people.—*Boston Advertiser.*

The Prize of Five Thousand Dollars for an Improved Cattle Car.

We ask attention to an article from the "Boston Advertiser," on this subject. The subscription is slowly but steadily increasing. It now stands as follows:

Mrs. W. Appleton and Miss A. Wigglesworth, both of Boston, \$1,000 each, . . .	\$2,000 00
Mrs. and Miss Whiting, Mrs. Beebe, A. Firth, all of Boston, \$500 each, . . .	1,500 00
Mr. Lander, in behalf of Chicago friends, . . .	250 00
Woman's Branch, Philadelphia, . . .	100 00
Miss Mary Wigglesworth, Boston, . . .	100 00

E. L. Brown of Chicago, W. O. Peabody and Mrs. Dickinson of Boston, \$50 each, . . .	\$150 00
F. W. Peck of Chicago, C. T. Buffum of Keene, N. H., and F. H. Manning, and J. Murray Forbes of Boston, \$25 each, . . .	100 00
Mary R. Pell of Flushing, L. I., Rev. S. May, Leicester, Mass., N. Appleton, Mrs. Isigi and Thos. Langlan of Boston, \$10 each, . . .	50 00
Mrs. Rogers, Malden, Mass., a friend in Pittsburg, Pa., \$5 each, . . .	10 00
E. A. Webb, Keene, N. H., . . .	1 00
R. P. Lewis, E. Saginaw, Mich., . . .	2 00
	\$4,263 00

Further subscriptions are invited, and may be sent to Secretary National Humane Association, Boston, Mass.

From a Sermon

PREACHED IN BEHALF OF SOCIETIES FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS, ON SUNDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 28th, 1879, AT ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, BOSTON, BY THE REV. WM. W. NEWTON.

"And God saw every thing that He had made, and behold it was very good."—*Genesis i. 31.*

"It is Taine who declares that it is the province of Genius to discover new fields for human activity to work in. Peter the Hermit changed the face of Europe by his bold conception of the crusades. The artists of the Renaissance brought a new world to light by their ideal conceptions of artistic beauty. Wm. Pitt, Napoleon, Franklin, Livingston, Edison, have created new fields for human powers, by that unmistakable something called Genius. And it is the peculiar feature of Christian morality that it discovers new fields for the exercise of man's powers.

"The ethics of paganism but dimly showed any care for the weak and suffering. It had triumphal processions and combats in the Coliseums, but no hospitals, orphan asylums, or systematic efforts in relieving the unfortunate. The Pythagorean philosophy hinted at a care for dumb animals because of its doctrine of metempsychosis, or the procession of souls from human beings to the bodies of dumb animals.

"But just as John Howard and Mrs. Fry opened the closed bars of prison reform, and Clarkson and Wilberforce led the way to the suppression of the African slave trade—so in our own age, an Anthony Comstock discovers a new field for Christian activity in the Society for the Suppression of Vice, as it lurks in obscene publications; and a Henry Bergh opens the door leading to a new morality—a lost and forgotten duty—man's relationship to the animal world. To-day the world is awake to the recognition of man's obligation to the dumb creation. If God declared of every thing that He had made that it was very good, it becomes a duty on man's part to respect that creation which God has blessed.

"This subject opens in three ways: 1st. In the light of Scripture obligation. 2dly. In the light of history. 3dly. In the light of practical duty; as a duty to God—a duty to our fellowmen—as a duty to our children, and as a duty to the animal world itself." Mr Newton then quoted pages 4 and 5 of the tract called "Five Questions Answered," including the answer to the question, "Why should animals receive special protection?"

Judges of the Five Thousand Dollars Prize.

The committee of the National Humane Association are considering the names for this important duty. Some time will be necessary to get the list complete, and, after that, for the gentlemen selected to agree upon the form of a circular to be sent to competitors and others. When these preliminaries are completed due notice will be given to all interested.

Lost or Stolen Children Inquiry Office.

A Circular from Dr. John Dixwell, of No. 6 Pemberton Square, informs,—

"Parents, friends, or guardians, needing the assistance of competent and experienced officers to discover children lost or stolen from them, and who desire no needless publicity concerning such investigations, may address [him] by mail, telegraph, or personal call at the office

"Prompt action assured at all times, day or night, and the numerous agents in the cities and towns in the States connected with the home office, renders favorable result more than probable.

"All the important cases of lost children discovered, published within the last year, have been the work of the officers of this same office.

"Expenses of investigations made as small as possible, and satisfaction in all details given before incurring the same for the friends seeking the assistance of this office.

"Photographs of children lost, desired where such can be provided."

Success to all such agencies to restore the lost children.

The Prizes of the Massachusetts Society.

We ask the attention of our Massachusetts readers to the notice elsewhere in this paper in regard to the Massachusetts prizes, and respectfully ask their hearty co-operation in making them known in their several towns and neighborhoods

Obituary.

JONATHAN B. BRIGHT, Esq., of Waltham, Mass., finished his earthly life on the 17th of December last, at the age of nearly eighty years.

He was not an infrequent visitor at our office, and that gave us the privilege of a delightful, although not an intimate, acquaintance. His heart had long been deeply moved by the wrongs of the animal creation; but he was thankful to have lived to see a better day for them. He believed in the active continuance of the same influences which had already done so much in their behalf. He would take papers and pamphlets for circulation; he would pay the subscription of teachers and others who would, he thought, be benefited by reading our little paper, and he often contributed directly to the treasury of the society. His face and his spirit were alike a benediction. Age had not chilled his sympathies, nor experience dimmed his faith in the ultimate triumph of every righteous cause. At the last visit he made, (only a short time before his death), he spoke of his interest in the Hampton school of Gen. Armstrong, and of the promising work there in behalf of the Indians. There must be many humane causes to miss his words of friendly cheer, and his generous gifts. Humble, charitable in a high Christian fashion, firm in his own convictions, familiar, through books, with much of the best thought of our time, he was, indeed, a welcome visitor. Memorials of him in manuscript and in print, speak of him through his long life, as his later years would lead us to expect. Precious are the memories of such men!

Children's Department.

The Vizier and the Horse.

A Sultan, hearing that a steed,
 Unmatched in beauty, strength and breed;
 Grazed somewhere in remote Cathay,
 Fearful that the prize might slip away,
 Resolved his Vizier to require
 To wend with Hassan, faithful squire,
 And close the bargain there and then.
 At first, so scribes of credit pen,
 Scathless the high commission sped
 In quest of that rare quadruped.
 Like Caesar vanquishing the East,
 They came, they saw, they bought the beast,
 But, this achieved, with much disgust
 They found it next to be discussed
 How best to them it might befall
 To bring him home, or if at all.
 The natives of those parts excelling
 Not less in stealing steeds than selling;
 Yet all went well with them the while,
 Till, at an inn of humble style,
 The prudent Minister perceives
 Sheer symptoms of a den of thieves.
 "Our desperate case," decided he,
 "Demands as desperate remedy.
 Chamber and bed we will forego,
 (Not missing much by doing so
 In this vile hovel), and, of course,
 Sleep on the straw beside the horse;
 That is to say, that I shall sleep,
 While, Hassan, thou strict watch wilt keep.
 Yet, as mortality is frail
 And sleep's seductions might prevail,
 I charge thee, lest thou idly dream,
 To muse on some momentous theme,
 Such as Philosophy resolves
 From age to age, nor e'er resolves.
 Can it in any manner be
 Affirmed that two and two make three?
 Do geese their origin deduce
 From eggs? or comes the egg from goose?
 Rapt in such studies, 'twill be odd
 If thou hast any mind to nod."
 He ceased, but soon awaking, cried,
 "Hassan, how art thou occupied?"
 "Sir," Hassan said, "I strive to find
 What is the color of the wind."
 "A meet gymnastic for thy brain:"
 The Vizier thus, then slept again;
 But presently was heard to call:
 "Ho; Hassan! ponderest thou at all!
 I trust to Allah 'tis the fact."
 "Sir," answered he, "my brain is racked,
 Devising, if a hole immense
 Were dug, and earth extracted thence
 Employed to fill the monstrous main,
 How best to fill the hole again."
 "Good," said the Vizier, "here is stuff
 For cogitation *quantum suff.*,"
 And turned him and contented slept,
 And quiet for a season kept,
 Till, stung by some uneasy dream,
 Starting, he cried, "Hast thou a theme,
 Hassan, and ponderest thou thereon?"
 "Sir," said the man, "the horse is gone!
 And now in sooth my brains I addle
 Touching the bridle and the saddle—
 Whether 'twere best to let them stay,
 Or strive to carry them away,
 Or if to watch them here, while you
 The predatory rogues pursue."

—Fraser's Magazine.

R. GARRETT.

A DILIGENT ass, daily loaded beyond his strength by a severe master, whom he had long served, and who kept him at very short commons, happened one day in his old age to be oppressed with a more than ordinary burthen of earthenware. His strength being much impaired, and the road deep and uneven, he unfortunately made

a trip, and, unable to recover himself, fell down and broke all the vessels to pieces. His master, transported with rage, began to beat him most unmercifully. Against whom the poor ass, lifting up his head as he lay on the ground, thus strongly remonstrated: Unfeeling wretch! to thy own avaricious cruelty, in first pinching me of food, and then loading me beyond my strength, thou owest the misfortune which thou so unjustly imputest to me.—*Æsop.*

ROMEO, the elephant, amused himself in various ways during a recent steamboat voyage on the Mississippi from New Orleans to Cincinnati. He made himself quite free with the freight that was within his reach, and tumbled boxes, barrels and bales around promiscuously. At Vicksburg, the hawser, a heavy cable some three inches in diameter, was used to tie up the boat. The observing Romeo saw the deck-hands haul it in once or twice, when he concluded that he could do it himself quite as well as the dozen men. As long thereafter as he was kept on the fore-castle he handled the hawser, so far, at least, as hauling it was concerned. The deck-hands dragged it out and made it fast, but the moment it was untied the elephant seized it with his trunk and hauled it aboard. The bell-wires running from the pilot-house to the engine-room passed under the cabin floor directly over his back. He evidently noticed that when the wires moved the bell rang. He began to ring the bells himself by pulling the wires with his trunk. The first time he jerked the bell-wire the engineer stopped the boat. "What's the matter?" asked the pilot, through the speaking-tube. "Nothing," responded the engineer. "What did you stop her for?" "Because you rang the bell." "I didn't ring." "Ting-a-ling-ling-ling!" clattered the bell as if there were spirits in it. The engineer rushed out just in time to catch Romeo jerking the wire, and the mystery was explained.—*Tribune.*

A LADY contributor tells this story: "I had been out in Westchester County on a visit, and while there I found a kitten which I brought home as a plaything for my two children. To prevent any dispute about the ownership of puss, I proposed, and it was agreed, that the head should be mine, the body should be the baby's, and Eddy the eldest, but three years, should be the sole proprietor of the long and beautiful tail. Eddy rather objected at first to this division, as putting him off with an extremely small share of the animal, but soon became reconciled to the division, and quite proud of his ownership in the graceful terminus of the kitten. One day soon after I heard poor puss making a dreadful mewing, and called out to Eddy, 'There, my son, you are hurting my part of the kitten: I heard her cry.' 'No, I didn't, mother; I trod on my part and your part hollered.'"—*Wayne Press.*

THE smartest Newfoundland dog yet discovered lives at Haverhill, Mass. He meets the newsboy at the gate every morning and carries his master's paper into the house; that is, he did so till the other day, when his master stopped taking the paper. The next morning the dog noticed the boy passing on the other side without leaving the newspaper, went over and took the whole bundle from him and carried them into the house.

Crows in Caucus.

A gentleman tells us of a marvellous sight which he saw on the 2d day of last March, while he was journeying from Harper's Ferry to Washington. It was about an hour before sunset, and looking down the Potomac River toward the sea, as far as the eye could reach, was a continuous flight of crows, moving in a belt about a third of a mile wide, and finally dropping out of sight over a ridge on the north side of a mountain lying to the eastward. A resident of the neighborhood who was familiar with the movement, said the crows were going to their roosting-place, and that this phenomenon had occurred every night for

years. The flight lasted for a full hour in a steady, flowing stream, which ended in a circling eddy, as the birds settled down to their roosts, resembling a great black funnel or whirlpool. It was a most amazing sight, and vastly more engaging than flights of pigeons roosting, which are intermittent; whereas this was continuous. The birds had doubtless scattered for forage during the day along the shores of the many estuaries and tributaries of the Chesapeake, and when darkness came, winged their dusky flight back to their appointed rendezvous. The last bird home must have arrived late to bed.—*Forest and Stream.*

Family Saved by a Dog.

The alarm of fire summoned the department to Pond Street, where the house of Frank Murphy was in a blaze, and before the flames succumbed to the efforts of the firemen the structure was levelled to the ground. The first intimation the inmates had of the fire was by the dog running into the bedroom, off the kitchen, and barking, which awoke Mrs. Murphy. She immediately aroused her husband, who attempted to make his way into the kitchen, but was driven back by the dense smoke. He then seized a chair and demolished a bedroom window, passed the children out, and had barely time to escape himself before the place was all ablaze. One little girl did not have a stitch to put on, but was promptly cared for by neighbors, as all the family were. Mr. Murphy did not succeed in saving a single article worth naming. The fire is supposed to have caught from a defect in the chimney, starting in a closet.—*Stoneham (Mass.) paper, Jan., '80.*

A Dog's Conscience.

A young fox-terrier, about eight months old, took a great fancy to a small brush, of Indian workmanship, lying on the drawing-room table. It had been punished more than once for jumping on the table and taking it. On one occasion the little dog was left alone in the room accidentally. On my return it jumped to greet me as usual, and I said: "Have you been a good little dog while you have been left alone?" Immediately it put its tail between its legs, and slunk off into an adjoining room, and brought back the little brush in its mouth from where it had hidden it. I was much struck with what appeared to me a remarkable instance of a dog possessing a conscience; and a few months afterward, finding it again alone in the room, I asked the same question while patting it. At once I saw it had been up to some mischief, for with the same look of shame it walked slowly to one of the windows where it lay down, with its nose pointing to a letter bitten and torn into shreds. On a third occasion, it showed me where it had strewn a number of little tickets about the floor, for doing which it had been reproved previously. I cannot account for these facts, except by supposing the dog must have a conscience.—*Spectator.*

Answer to a Child's Question.

Do you ask what the birds say? The sparrow, the dove, The linnet, and thrush say "I love, and I love!" In the winter they're silent, the wind is so strong; What it says I don't know, but it sings a loud song. But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny warm weather, And singing and loving—all come back together. But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love, The green fields below him, the blue sky above, That he sings, and he sings, and forever sings he, "I love my Love, and my Love loves me."

—S. T. Coleridge.

THIS is certainly a curious advertisement:—

A favorite Collie (Lorne), handsome, intelligent, and docile, has an affection of the lungs, and is recommended a warmer climate. Any one wintering in the South of France, who would like a pleasant companion, is requested to communicate with W. H. M., Guards' Club. No encumbrances. Expenses paid.—*Anti-Vivisectionist.*

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

My Friend.

BY CORA WILBURN.

I have a friend, who, when the night is darkest,
Comes all the nearer to my sorrowing heart;
Who keeps for me all tributes of affection,
When fickle souls beneath the storm depart.
He keeps inviolate the unspoken promise,
Sealed with a glance in time of direst need;
Bound to my fortunes in Love's faithful service,
A priceless treasure is my Friend indeed!

He will not meet me some drear Winter morning,
With frosty looks that chill the inmost core;
In silk and jewels, or in homespun toiling,
I am his best and loved for evermore!
For me the gladness, welcome never ceasing,
The sweet award of reverent gratitude;
Who knows the reach of silent aspiration?
The limits of a mute love's plenitude?

My friend a waif upon Life's dusty highway,
Myself a wanderer, weary of the night;—
Through mist of tears I saw the soulful gleaming
Of eyes that shone in recognition's light.
Think not I trifle with the things of heaven,
Deeming the lowliest boon is from above;
Nor that I thankless rest the grief-worn spirit,
In the dear solace of dumb, faithful love!

He cannot feign, with simple trust for guidance,
Nor mar his soul's allegiance, for the best
This world can offer; nobly true for ever
The changeless love within his constant breast!
He will not barter for a palace splendors
The dear contentment of his low estate;
Toward the sunset hills we pass together,
May we not enter at the Morning Gate?

My Friend and I, in loving comprehension
Linked heart to heart in vowed fidelity;
Can years of Time, e'en Life's celestial crowning,
Efface the sunlit page of memory?
Only a dog! presumptuous human daring
Denies the boon of immortality
To one who braves for love all toil and danger,—
The Better World must hold a place for thee!

For I shall need that minor link of beauty,
In the unending chain of God's just love;
And thou wilt serve me in blest paths of duty,
Who art on earth a sending from above.
Thy silence is a plea for thought extending
Beyond the confines of our selfishness;
My changeless Friend! the joy of heaven were lessened,
If left unshared by thee its blessedness!

Intellect in Brutes.

Mr. A. Petrie writes: "In my own family we had a tabby cat who, when turned out, would let herself in at another door by climbing up some list nailed round it, then pushing up the click-latch, pushing the door, with herself hanging on it, away from the post, so as to prevent the latch falling back into its place, and then dropping down and walking back to the fire. I knew a Skye terrier who, being told to carry a fishing-rod, carefully experimented along its length to find its centre of gravity, then carried it on till his master came to a narrow path through a wood. Here Skye considered, dropped the rod, took it by the end, and dragged it under him lengthwise till the open road was gained, when he took the rod by the centre of gravity again and went on. This could not be a copy of human actions, but the result of original reasoning." Mr. Henry Cecil gives the following on the authority of the late Mr. Dawes, the astronomer: "Being busy in his garden, and having a large bunch of keys in his hand, he gave it to a retriever to hold for him till he was at liberty. Going into the house soon after, he forgot to reclaim the keys. The remembrance of what he had done with them only returned to him when he required to use them in the evening. He then recalled that he had given them to the dog, and forgotten to take them again. Calling, and looking impressively in his face, he said, 'My keys! fetch me my keys!' The dog looked wistful and puzzled for a moment, and then bounded off to the garden, his master following. He went straight to the root of an apple-tree, scratched up the keys, and brought them. May we not fairly put into words the dog's train of reasoning thus: 'My master has given me these keys to hold; he has forgotten them; I cannot carry them all day; but I must put them in safety

where I can find them again?' " Mr. R. Howson sends us the story of a terrier-like dog, of no particular breed, named Uglymug, who had a poodle for companion. Whenever Uglymug saw signs of a family meal being laid out, he inveigled the poodle into a labyrinthine shrubbery under pretense of looking for rats, and when the latter was fairly intent on its game, Uglymug sneaked back to enjoy, all by himself, what he could get from the family table.—*Nature*.

How They Run Street Cars in San Francisco.

One of the novel features of this city, which attracts immediate attention, is that horse cars without horses, loaded with passengers, rapidly ascend the steepest grades of the streets, and descend as quickly, with no perceptible propelling power. The secret of propulsion is revealed by a little investigation. At a central point is a stationary engine, which causes a wire rope to move with rapidity up one side of the street and down the other, the entire length of the road, a distance over these hills of one or two miles. This wire is sunk through a narrow opening about a foot beneath the surface of the ground.

Through the management of a man at the brake the car is made to attach itself to the wire in a second, and then moves as fast as the wire runs up hill or down. When a halt is desired, the car is unfastened from the rope and the brake stops the car immediately, while the wires run on independently, carrying other cars on the line at other points up and down the hills.

These cable car roads have made the high elevations very desirable places of residence, and some of the most charming homes in the city are located along these lines. The authorities have recently granted franchises for the putting in of wire cable on several lines of railway where cars have hitherto been drawn by horses, demonstrating the superiority of this means of street car propulsion on steep grades. The Sutter Creek line, which had been running in debt while using horses, through the introduction of this means of propelling the cars is paying handsome dividends to the stockholders.—*Cor. Chicago Journal*.

Birds in the Rocky Mountains.

In the mountains there are a great many little birds which are deserving of some notice, as they give life to the landscapes and are interesting in their habits. A gentleman up here has made a discovery in regard to the habits of swallows, which is very interesting, to say the least of it. The male and female make a nest in some sheltered place, where they raise a little brood, taking all the care of them imaginable. After they are grown up and are able to take care of themselves, the mother lays some more eggs, and when they are hatched out, both father, mother and the older brothers and sisters all engage in supplying the little ones with food. This is a most singular fact, and has never before been noticed, so far as known.

The young birds that are able to fly about, engage in the hunt for grasshoppers, moths, etc., which they carry to their little brothers and sisters in the nests, feeding them with as much care as if they were, in fact, their parents. In the hot weather the tiny swallows are almost sweltered with heat, and lie in their hot nests panting and unhappy, until they get large enough to go out in the world and do something for themselves. They must be supplied with water in some way by the old birds, who probably bring it to them in their bills.—*Wyoming letter*.

Good Effect of the Game Laws.

A good word for the blackbirds is thus spoken by the Natchitoches (La.) "Vindicator." "Our farmers tell us that thousands of blackbirds are swarming in the fields of cotton and destroying the cotton-worm as they go. Very few worms can be found 'webbed up,' and the planter feels good. The destruction by the birds this year is accounted for only by the effects of the Game law, which are just being felt."

Canaries as Concert-Singers.

An entire novelty in the concert-singing department of musical art is promised to the lovers of sweet sounds, by an ingenious citizen of Phoenixville, South Australia. This gentleman has for some years past devoted himself exclusively to the training of canary-birds in every known method of vocalization, and, as we gather from antipodean journals, with extraordinary success. But he has recently crowned his triumphs as a very Lamperti of feathered songsters, by inventing a mechanical apparatus by which his yellow pupils will be taught to perform music of a more recondite and complicated character, than mere ballads and opera airs. He proposes, with the aid of this contrivance, not only to produce canary soloists, capable of executing airs like "Dip your Chair," or "Dee Tanty," as the immortal *Jeames de la Pluche* designated the florid displays fashionable in his day, but to teach his pupils part-singing and the rendering of the most difficult modern operatic choruses. These astonishing results are to be attained by the following process: The cages in which the Professor's pupils reside are hung up in front of a mirror, behind which is fixed a musical box, which plays the solo, part song, or chorus they are desired to perform. The birds listen eagerly to the music, turning their attention to the quarter whence it proceeds. Their gaze is naturally directed to the mirror, in which they see the reflection of their own graceful persons. At once they hop to the conclusion that their counterfeited presentments are real live canaries, melodiously engaged in singing the unfamiliar strains that delight their ears. From observation to imitation, it appears, is but a step with the intelligent and tuneful canary-bird. He is apt, in concerted music, to double a part, and betrays a predilection for the "leading business;" but, being gifted with a quick ear, he soon recognizes the desirability of filling up the notes wanting to complete the chords, and adapts himself to harmonic requirements with artistic promptitude. Wagner's "Trilogy," performed by a company of canaries, may thus be an attractive item in the operatic performances of the future!—*London Telegraph*, Sept. 5.

An Ithaca Lady's Big Bird-Cage.

Mrs. Ellis, who resides at the handsome residence of her father, Mr. Samuel Harris, on West State Street, has, in the south-west corner room of the second story, one hundred canary-birds of every tone and hue. The floor is carpeted with sawdust and furnished with two small leafless trees, a bamboo pole from which hoops suspend, a large dish of water, egg shells and bird seed *ad libitum*. There are many little boxes and cages, all with doors open, or covers off. The windows are removed in warm weather and gauze or wire screens substituted. The only door opening into the room, has also a wire screen, in lieu of glass, insuring ventilation and a proper temperature. In the winter a furnace register furnishes the required degree of warmth. The birds in their quest for lime have pecked patches of plaster from the wall larger than the open hand. Some of the birds are gorgeously beautiful in their contrast of rich colors, and many magnificent singers are of the number. Mr. Ellis said that two years ago his wife had temporarily placed a pair of canary-birds in the room; soon there were eight, then sixteen, and so on, until the astonishing sight before us had been reached. "It is no more difficult to care for the hundred than one bird in this manner," added he; "the birds enjoy themselves and appreciate their freedom, and it is more enjoyable to us to see them thus. Mrs. Ellis can identify nearly every bird of the entire number, tell its age, whether or not a good singer, mated or single."—*Ithaca Journal*, May 21.

Mlle. Rosa Bonheur has just bought for \$1,000 a magnificent lion from the Zoological Garden at Marseilles, and she intends to paint its portrait for next year's Salon.—*Tribune*.

Cruelty in the Sandwich Islands.

But let that man be advised who hopes to find rest in his circumstances. A charming view only exposes you to keener agony, if in any way you are disturbed in its enjoyment. . . . Suppose you belong to a certain society for the prevention of cruelty to dumb animals; suppose you have not only a vague sense that the objects of such a society are good, but a watchful eye, a feeling heart, and burning indignation whenever you meet with an instance of such cruelty; suppose that you sit on this heavenly veranda on some blissful morning, all nature singing psalms, and your soul responding, and suddenly there comes running up the street a rout of driven cattle, behind them rough men on horseback, their spurs jingling, their lassos swinging, and through clouds of dust, if the day be dry, their shrill voices goading the ear. Now the cattle reach the entrance of the neighboring field, they are hurried into it; bellowing and frightened they scatter over its broad expanse of green. Soon one is singled from the herd. In the further corner of the green stands a very gallows, only it is far less merciful than the gallows raised for man. To this place of execution the cow or ox is driven or dragged. Then skilful hands throw the staggering lasso, and with horns and hoofs all caught and fastened to the dreadful posts, the creature lies there hot, helpless, terrified, awaiting the deliberate murder, not without torture often, which these native butchers inflict. I never saw the climax of this bloody persecution, because I would not follow it up and look. But not so the most consistent of women; with costly loyalty to her own sense of duty, and to the home society of which she is a zealous member, she was in at the death, viewing it from a window of the inner room, and returning to the family circle with a terrible resolution in her altered face. Heaven was no longer heaven to her. Alas! alas! how can it ever be to any of us, even if we reach there, so long as wrong and cruelty and sin exist! That day at dinner Madame refused beef. The next day at breakfast she gently caressed the bit of steak that was served her, but would have none of it. She had formed the dire resolution, in a land where beef is almost the only meat, to eat no more beef in Hilo; and she kept it.

I am told that this is the common way of butchering in the Islands. We were shocked to hear of worse cruelties than these among people whose Christian training ought to have borne better fruits; *e. g.*, the hamstringing of cattle in the great pastures, and leaving them in this agonizing state several days before despatching them. As for the natives, they are notoriously cruel to the nobler animals, letting their horse go bruised, while they will pet their dirty pigs and dirtier dogs, more than they pet their children. Clearly the doctrinal Christianity, in which they have been well schooled, needs supplementing with some of the practical applications of its spirit in the common relationships of life.—*"Aloha," by Rev. G. L. Chaney.*

Humming Birds.

The humming birds are perhaps the most remarkable examples in the world of the machinery of flight. The power of poisoning themselves in the air, remaining absolutely stationary whilst they search the blossoms for insects, is a power essential to their life. It is a power, accordingly, which is enjoyed by them in the highest perfection.

When they need progressive flight, it is effected with such velocity as to elude the eye. The action of the wing in all these cases is far too rapid to enable the observer to detect the exact difference between the kind of motion which keeps the bird at absolute rest in the air, and that which carries it along with such immense velocity. But there can be no doubt that the change is one from a short, quick stroke, delivered obliquely forward, to a full stroke, more slow, but delivered perpendicularly.—*Reign of Law.*

Pigeon-Shooting.

Over in New Jersey several hundreds of caged pigeons were let loose on Christmas Day to be shot, the crack of the shotgun being considered, perhaps, a sort of echo to the angelic song of "Peace on Earth." There is something in the pleasures and perils of the chase which appeals to that wholesome spirit of adventure which has its home in the breast of every boy, and which the mature and sober citizen rarely succeeds in subjugating and suppressing. The pursuit of the nobler varieties of game is a school of courage and endurance and steadiness of nerve. The heroic element does not manifest itself to any inspiring degree in the slaughter of the more timid birds and animals; but, after all, the shooting of so-called game-birds is only following the strong and irrepressible instinct inherited from a barbarian, and, perhaps, a quadrumanous ancestry. Of course it is an unequal contest; but when the game is pursued on its own ground, where it enjoys every opportunity for concealment or escape, and when the generous sportsman so far recognizes the rights of the pursued that he scorns to take unfair advantages with trap or snare, it comes to be a contest between wariness and skill. The purely murderous features of gunning are in this way toned down and wiped out, and the sport loses the taint of brutality.

It is difficult, however, to understand how trap-shooting can be considered a manly or ennobling pastime. When birds, which are the very emblems of innocence, are captured alive and then set free in front of the so-called sportsman's gun to be slaughtered, the sport becomes butchery, and pretty coarse butchery at that. The fact that the contestants in these matches kill birds for money does not mitigate the brutality of the fun. At all events, it does not seem impertinent to suggest that gentlemen who wish to achieve renown and \$25 for killing more birds than anybody else, might select a more appropriate occasion for this performance than the anniversary of the day when Infinite Tenderness appeared upon the earth.—*Tribune, Dec. 27, 1879.*

Using Up the Elephants.

Considerable interest attaches to a question which has just been put by a Sheffield worker in ivory. He desires to know whether elephants shed their tusks, as, if not, upwards of 1,280 of these magnificent beasts must have been killed to supply his manufactory alone with the ivory used last year. The answer to his query is, unfortunately, that before the tusks can be obtained an elephant must be slaughtered, and herein is found a subject for very serious reflection. Numerous still in Ceylon, though by no means so plentiful as they were a few years ago, and, without doubt, existing also in large numbers in certain parts of Africa, the elephant is, however, rapidly disappearing. As a beast of burden he is unrivalled for strength, endurance and intelligence; and the services he renders in times of war, as well as peace, would alone more than reward a great effort on his behalf. Quite apart from the fact that when he goes, the supply of ivory ceases, too, there is also the grave consideration of his loss as a means of locomotion and transport. It is well known that he does not breed in captivity, and it is, therefore, only in a wild state that the species can be preserved. The destruction of more than 1,200 of his kind for one knife-making firm implies a huge and serious waste.—*London Telegraph, Dec. 1.*

A HOUSE in Attleborough, owned by Albert Briggs and occupied by a colored man named Jerry Brown, was burned Sunday night. Mr. Brown was absent at the time of the fire, and the children were all fast asleep in their beds. The oldest, a lad about twelve years of age, was awakened by the house-cat scratching the inside of his hand, and feeling that something was wrong he got up and found the shed, which joined the house, in flames.

A YOUNG American who had been in Paris for a year studying medicine was visited by his father. Like a dutiful son, he parades the author of his being conscientiously through the city, and points out to him its social and architectural lions. Finally they halt before a huge and many-pillared building, surrounded by a massive grating. "What is that lordly pile?" asked the old man. "I don't know," replies the youth, "but there is a sergeant-de-ville; I'll ask him," and, accompanied by his sire, he crosses over to the officer and puts the question. "That, gentlemen," says the municipal guardian, calmly and in a clear, official tone, "is the Medical School!"—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Cases Investigated by Office Agents in December.

Whole number of complaints received, 111; viz., Beating, 10; overworking and overloading, 5; driving when lame or galled, 35; failing to provide proper food and shelter, 21; abandoning, 2; torturing, 2; driving when diseased, 3; cruelly transporting, 1; general cruelty, 32.

Remedied without prosecution, 43; warned, 38; not substantiated, 16; not found, 5; anonymous, 3; prosecuted, 6; convicted, 5; pending, Jan. 1st, 2; disposed of, 1; convicted, 1.

Animals killed, 25; taken from work, 35.

BY COUNTRY AGENTS, FOURTH QUARTER, 1879.

Whole number of complaints, 505; viz., Beating, 54; overloading, 46; overdriving, 83; working when lame or galled, 119; working when diseased, 43; not providing food or shelter, 78; torturing, 28; abandoning, 25; general cruelty, 119.

Not substantiated, 64; remedied without prosecution, 569; prosecuted, 22; convicted, 16; pending, 3; animals killed, 113; taken from work, 48.

*Receipts by the Society in December.**FINES.*

Justices' Courts.—Westfield, \$3; Winchester, \$5.
Municipal Court.—Boston (3 cases), \$23; Roxbury District, \$10.

Witness fees, \$22.15. Total, \$63.15.

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Mrs. E. A. Beebe, \$500; Mrs. A. C. Thayer, \$5; Jonathan B. Bright, \$5; Edward Lawrence, \$5; Mr. Burdakin, 2; Mrs. Smith, 1. Total, \$518.

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Woman's Branch Penn. Soc. P. C. A., \$31.25; Levi Knowles, \$6; Miss M. Peet, \$6; Mrs. J. P. Kendrick, \$3; Miss Arnsworth, \$1.25; Noyes, Snow & Co., \$0.75; A. H. Koffe, \$0.60.

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ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Nat. Soldiers' Home, Milwaukie; Lane & Hubbard, L. N. Nute, Mrs. R. Pierce, J. A. Willard, J. W. Groves, E. A. Webb, Miss M. Eveleth, John Buntin, S. Hooper, D. Dodge, J. P. Knowles, J. Grinnell, J. Boyd, Mrs. W. C. Swann, Miss E. E. Simms, Mrs. C. C. Humphreys, W. Bartlett, Miss E. W. Phillips, Mrs. W. H. Browne, Mrs. J. B. Fuller, Mrs. J. Dunnell, Miss L. C. Haynes, Mrs. Geo. B. Hubbard, Miss E. Pierce, Mrs. F. E. Church. Total, \$90.85.

OTHER SUMS.

Geo. T. Angell and A. Firth, \$31; interest, \$56.25; Miss M. Peet, \$3; postage, \$0.10. Total, \$110.35.
Total receipts in December, \$752.35.

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